THE New Republic

PUT UP OR
BE SHUT UP

Walter Goodman

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"Who Is This George Brown," Khrushchev asked.
"I Didn't Know Such People Existed."

BY HUGH MASSINGHAM

A Psychiatrist Looks at Segregation

The Two Worlds of Meany and Reuther

Villains and Heroes in Big Business Novels

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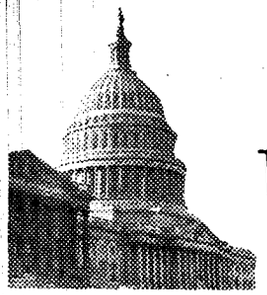

Washington Wire

The case of Cain

A COUPLE of weeks ago this reporter told of a rollicking GOP gathering at which the President uttered—amidst toy balloons and Fourth of July sparklers—lofty statements about the "supreme importance" of the individual; the need for " a heart as well as a head" in government and his distress at the thought of making citizens serial numbers in the files of a government office. The President laid down, in fact, six principles.

Well, it appears that ex-Sen. Harry Cain (R, Wash.), now a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, wants the President to put those sentiments into execution right inside his own Administration. Unknown to the President every one of the six is being violated, Cain told a New York audience last week, in the government's present security risk procedure. In three years of operation under the present procedure, Cain reported, not one single spy, traitor, saboteur or Communist has been found in a position of trust. The procedure has got rid of some genuine "risks," he agreed, but at the same time it has operated so cruelly that hundreds of faithful servants have been hounded or ruined as "risks." Furthermore Cain produced the sensational charge that Soviet agents are actually fishing among these innocent victims who have been made pariahs by their government and who cannot find employment. It is worth while to repeat here Cain's story of one case in particular.

Let us call him "X". He joined the Census Bureau in 1940. In 1948 he was cited, but cleared, in a loyalty action. He was represented in his successful defense by Alfred Bernstein, counsel of the United Federal Workers of America (CIO) of which "X" was a member. He had not known Bernstein before the charges nor seen him after their dismissal.

In February, 1955, "X" was charged again. By now he had risen to a post where he had access to secret information in a higher government agency. Old charges were renewed plus a new one—associating with Bernstein, his lawyer. Cain said he has reviewed the case—sweated over the 525-page file. He is convinced of "X's" innocence, as are two of "X's" superiors. But "X," a man with a family, has been suspended, payless, for 14 months, also rejected everywhere for private employment because of the cloud on his reputation.

But now comes the new angle. "X" desperately advertised for a statistical job at any pay, anywhere. A man—calling himself "Machoff"—made contact with him. He wanted research work done on the US aircraft industry. Our man "X" was suspicious, got in touch with the FBI. "Machoff," according to Cain, turned out to be Methiov, connected with the Soviet Embassy. Melodramatic? Sure. But there is another twist.

On March 7, "X" sent an affidavit telling the government agency that had suspended him all the facts. On April 23 he got the tentative notice of his dismissal as a security risk.

Maybe somebody is hoaxing Cain. Cain is an emotional man but a compassionate one; he says he has looked into the matter thoroughly and believes in "X". It is an odd fact that the agency which has now fired "X" never asked him a question about the affidavit he submitted although this is now over a month ago. Maybe the department couldn't be bothered with current events; maybe it was too busy pondering earlier matters in "X's" life on which the suspension was based—events running back to 1941.

Almost imploringly Cain asks Eisenhower to give the situation his personal attention. Do those six Eisenhower "principles" uttered at the GOP rally about the importance of the individual mean anything? Says Cain sadly, "He (Eisenhower) does not speak because he does not know."

Privacy on the fairway

WE NOTED in this column, April 23, that the increasingly sensitive White House has clamped down on pictures Ike playing golf. Have you seen a recently? The *New York Post* took i matter up with the Associated Press a got the terse answer that photograph are now barred from the tee-off wh Ike plays. We don't begrudge Ike golf a bit. But pictures of his diversi may be a bit scarce till November.

Too much money

THE Federal Reserve Board has hik up its interest rate for the fifth time loans, believing that even a "little rec sion" is preferable to what it consid the present national trend to inflati This has created a storm inside the A ministration, centering in the Treasu A "little recession" might lose the el tion! But the Reserve Board is dependent and above politics. action is unanimous. Worse still, in 1952 campaign Ike repeatedly charg that Truman had made the Reserve S tem a captive. "We shall create an mosphere in which the Federal Rese Board and the Treasury can act, not political enemies, but as economic all in the war against inflation," he said Troy, October 22. This is ironic tod Developing events could make Ik Troy speech as famous as the Kass ("100 percent parity") speech.

Security by hypnosis

COLUMNISTS here wring their han over the complacency of the Americ mood. Facts of Air Force inadequa compared to Russia's are being reveal daily—which brings only yawns. A supremacy is endangered; will be lo probably, by 1958-60. Is anybody i terested? Why should they be? Tod Mr. Dulles reports another "triumph with every speech. In this hypnot mood of peace and prosperity revelatio of our lost leadership in nuclear wea ons are dismissed easily. To do hi justice the President keeps urgi more foreign aid. But a Congre to which Eisenhower and Dulles ha repeatedly said "All is well" can't b lieve that an emergency exists. "Tru in Ike" has produced a complace euphoria. It is dangerous when a n tion suspends its critical faculties to point where the sounding of a fire alar is confused with a political attack.

T.R.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

MAY 14, 1956

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Meany and Reuther

"DIFFERENCES of opinion can be beneficial," conceded a *Detroit Free Press* editorial, "just as much so among labor chieftains as elsewhere. But when they are at odds over something as remote from the shop as an Indian prime minister, the dues payer must have a sensation that his leaders are soaring off in a stratosphere balloon from which he looks very tiny."

This is a standard thrust, coming as it does from Walter Reuther's home town newspaper. But it strikes a raw nerve of truth in this unsettled early period of the AFL-CIO merger. Accident rather than design has forced the pace of the foreign-policy showdown between President George Meany and Vice President Reuther, although Meany's attack on Reuther's trip to India at the May 1 AFL-CIO council meeting was itself hardly accidental. Now that the showdown has come, both would agree that the basic issue is not Prime Minister Nehru at all. Rather, it is how American labor should meet new international responsibilities which both accepted in principle before the merger but which only now demand an agreed common program.

Nehru's democratic credentials happen to be the immediate focus of the debate because Meany's foreign-policy adviser, Jay Lovestone, once secretary of the American Communist Party, wrote into a Meany speech in December the charge that Nehru and Marshal Tito "are aides and allies of Communism in fact and in effect, if not in diplomatic verbiage." For nearly four months thereafter Reuther remained silent, until Indian Communist exploitation of this statement reached alarming proportions. To Indians, Meany was attacking neither Nehru nor his policies but India itself. Moreover Meany's speech, his first on foreign policy after the merger convention, came the same week that Secretary Dulles made his implied defense of Portugal's colonial presence in Goa near Bombay.

For anti-Communist Indian labor federations, Meany made fellow-membership with US labor in the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions a serious local political liability—at the very moment when a new Communist-backed Arab-Asian labor alliance was making friendly overtures to the Indians, and when the Indian unions were engaged in a critical struggle against Communist penetration of railway and defense industries. Strongly seconded by US Ambassador John Sherman Cooper, the Indian unionists turned to Reuther to rescue the situation. He accepted their invitation to visit India, and it was at this point, in response to a press conference question in New York prior to his departure, that Reuther annoyed Meany by saying that the AFL-CIO President "was expressing his personal opinion, which I respect, but which does not represent the policy of the American labor movement."

Reuther, who more than Meany, has been on the barricades in the battle

Correspondence

► *Stevenson vs. Kefauver*

SIRS:

Mr. Richard Elliott (*NR* Correspondence April 23) had better get out his biggest hanky, because Estes is snuffling his way through Florida (where he is well known since the 1952 primary, but still claims to be underdog) and California, (where, put on the spot by reporters who are beginning to treat him with the contempt they usually reserve for sob-sisters, he had to admit he can't *clearly* claim underdog status) and Oregon (where his supporters deny that he violated an agreement previously made with Stevenson forces to stay out of Oregon because a contest between them might damage Wayne Morse).

When this campaign began I liked Stevenson, but had enormous admiration for Kefauver. Kefauver has changed

(Continued on page 23)

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against Communist infiltration, believes that the only enduring anti-Communism lies in positive democratic works. In his view US labor must maintain its own independent foreign policy, a policy designed primarily to strengthen democratic unions—and nations—whether or not they support immediate US objectives. Meany, on the other hand, has consistently equated anti-Communism with Jay Lovestone's version of pro-Americanism, a version which in some instances is more inflexible than that of the State Department itself. Thus, while the US officially was urging United Nations' acceptance of one package deal for admitting new members, Meany was publicly repudiating it. To Meany, the failure of some nations to follow the American lead can mean only that "too many in the free world are still prisoners of the illusion that Communism is, historically speaking, a progressive system—extreme liberalism temporarily making bad mistakes."

The same pat world view that leads Meany to his position on Nehru colored pre-merger AFL participation in the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. To European and Asian unionists, the AFL's heart has appeared to be not in the ICFTU but in its own Free Trade Union Committee, headed by Lovestone. At bottom, therefore, what Meany and Reuther are arguing about is the extent of American labor's commitment to a representative democratic international body which, by its very breadth, embraces many anti-Communist federations as cool to the State Department as to the USSR.

In the immediate controversy over US policy in South Asia, Walter Reuther is clearly within his rights in championing deeply-held convictions, especially when Meany affronts these convictions by speaking out first. But even if the AFL-CIO agreed that labor unity does not require uniformity of thought, it would not be enough. Labor should also recognize that the United States is not accepted as the world's only qualified schoolmaster in democratic arts, and that increasingly the US must make use of international instruments to further its aims. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge's recommendation that more foreign aid be channeled through the UN is only one of numerous signs of this recognition. A reappraisal of US foreign policy in the light of the international facts of life is the immediate business not only of government but of US labor leadership as well.

Half a Loaf

A CONSTRUCTIVE farm bill, we commented April 30, is still possible in the 1956 Congress, and would include: for the farmer, a raise in income; for the government, a halt in the pile-up of surpluses; for the consumer, a reasonable cost for food.

The new Cooley bill passed by the House meets these requirements part way. It would add about $1 billion to the farmer's income, roughly two-thirds as much as the bill vetoed by the President. It makes some features the soil bank compulsory, thus ensuring greater contr over surpluses. Both features are better than no bill all, and avoid the charge of a do-nothing Congress.

Other useful proposals were considered by the Hou for example, the 2-price system, but dropped becau Democratic leaders contend the President will reject a proposals which go beyond those he requested.

Re-examination of NAT(

PESSIMISM is a mood seldom displayed by Secretary State John Foster Dulles. So when he joined the c for major changes in the North Atlantic Treaty Orga zation, it was permissible to conclude that the und pinnings of the alliance had begun to rot. The eviden of NATO's deterioration is neatly summarized in the cu rent *Foreign Policy Bulletin*:

> Start at the northern flank and follow NATO's defense circle around to its southern anchor in Turkey. It is hard to describe what you find en route as anything but trouble. . . . Iceland asked the US on March 28 to withdraw its troops. . . . The Danes are bragging that they do not allow NATO bases on their soil. . . . The French have withdrawn most of their troop contribution to NATO from Europe for police duty in Algeria. . . . Italy's President Giovanni Gronchi did not hesitate to tell the American Congress on February 29 during his visit to Washington that NATO is out of date and should be brought in line with realities. . . . The two easternmost members of NATO, Greece and Turkey, are practically at each other's throats over Cyprus. . . .

The root of the trouble is obvious. NATO is an a liance of 15 nations founded in 1949-50 on the convi tion that the overriding danger of our times is Sovi *military* attack. Fear of such an attack has receded, an as Mr. Dulles told his press conference: "An organiza tion which is created to meet an emergency or a speci

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ituation tends to diminish in vigor as it is judged that ne occasion for its coming into being disappears."

The issues confronting NATO can be reduced to one sue of basic principle and two of policy. The principle issue is that national actions of any NATO member, hich affect world peace, or arouse the fears of hereto- ore colonial countries, or provide an opening wedge for oviet propaganda, are of justifiable concern to *all* JATO members, and should be discussed in some JATO body. The French police action in Algeria, Greek- urkish rioting in Cyprus, and American policy toward ormosa fall into this class. Mr. Dulles has made it lain that he does not favor NATO as an arbiter, only s a forum. We think this principle is sound. Continuous onsultation with our allies is an obvious necessity.

The two policy conflicts raised by the reappraisal of JATO's role are: Is it possible for NATO members to naintain a "hard" armament policy and a "soft" eco- omic policy toward the Communists at the same time? nd secondly, should the answer to the Soviet economic rive be an attempt to thwart Soviet offers, or to mani- ulate Soviet economic activities into some kind of co- perative framework?

There is real doubt whether a large armament program an be sold to a democratic American electorate through n appeal to fear and hatred of Russian leadership, while he US at the same time convinces Asians that America tands for a lessening of tensions. As to whether the US ould thwart Russia's foreign economic offensive—that lecision is not wholly ours. Russian trade has taken hold ecause Asian and African governments want capital goods; they want to sell their agricultural surpluses, and ome of them distrust bilateral US aid.

The solution to Russian-US competition in the area f economic aid lies in a larger role for the UN. It must nvolve a new approach to agricultural surpluses—both ur own and those of others. And it may involve, as Lester Pearson suggested to NATO, UN sponsorship of ll bilateral aid programs, establishing standards of co- peration against which givers can be judged.

Some Assorted Eggheads

NEXT to voting against God and mother, voting against benefits for veterans comes closer than any- hing else to being a capital crime on Capitol Hill. For omething like 150 years this country has been accumulat- ng, piecemeal, an enormous mass of legislation favoring war veterans, most of which was enacted in response to minority pressures. In recent years a number of per- ons, without questioning that the nation has an obliga- ion for civilian rehabilitation, and certainly to those disabled by war or to the dependents of war dead, have ome to challenge the notion that this public debt extends rom here to eternity. Eight hundred million dollars

"Mind you, we're against all that Socialistic stuff—"

was expended by the federal government last year for *non-service connected* pensions to ex-servicemen and dependents. By comparison, the total 1956 federal outlay for health, education and welfare (excepting payments to states for public assistance) is $890 million.

In March, 1955, the President appointed a commission, headed by Gen. Omar Bradley, to review that portion of the legislative crazy-quilt which deals with veteran's pensions. The commission has now made its report, a complex 415-page document which, among other things, recommends against general pensions which have no relation to service-incurred disability.

The salvos have begun. Timothy J. Murphy, National Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, thinks that General Bradley and his colleagues are "talking through their hats"; their report is a "brush-off" and reflects a "backward philosophy." The American Legion scorns the report as an "insult to Congress," and is holding its fire, the National Commander of the Pacific War Veterans of America has bombarded the commission for embracing

> a unique revolutionary philosophy under development for the past three decades by a self-perpetuating clique of federal bureaucrats with the aid of sundry sociologists, psychologists, theorists and assorted eggheads.

That should dispose of Omar Bradley, not to mention the rest of the revolutionary clique which has seized our national government.

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Mr. Nixon's Manager

SENATOR MCCARTHY: You feel that under your legal ethics every man is entitled to representation and a defense regardless of how reprehensible the issue may be?

MURRAY CHOTINER: That is correct. And if we have reached the point in this country where a man cannot have a lawyer of his own choosing then we have reached a very sorry state of affairs.

This, of course, is true. And yet legal ethics are violated if the mayor of a city accepts a retainer from the city's leading lawbreaker. By the same standard Murray Chotiner was guilty of a conflict of interest when, simultaneously, he represented gangsters and the Vice President of the United States.

Chotiner was Richard Nixon's campaign manager during his successful bid for the Vice Presidency in 1952. He managed Nixon's political campaign in 1954, using the Vice President's office as his "base of operations." Whenever Nixon was criticized, Chotiner wrote to newspapers and radio stations demanding corrections, "on behalf of Vice President Nixon."

During the same period Chotiner represented at least four lawbreakers in their relations with the federal government. In each case, judging from testimony taken by a Senate investigating committee, Chotiner was hired because he was an intimate of the Vice President.

The man who put Chotiner in touch with the four clients was William A. Parzow, reputedly a payoff man for gangsters and racketeers. Parzow, who was convicted and jailed for attempting to bribe a jury in 1941, met Chotiner on several occasions in Washington and was booked into adjoining rooms with him in New York and Atlantic City. The Senate Committee established that $74,000 passed through Parzow's hands during the months in which Chotiner served as his attorney, and held that these funds were used to bribe federal officials. Parzow, when asked to comment, cited the Fifth Amendment. Chotiner professed to know nothing of his client's activities and claimed the attorney-client relationship in maintaining his silence.

Chotiner

Of the four clients whom Parzow brought to Chotiner, one was an unnamed tax evader in Philadelphia. The second was Joey Abrams, accused in sworn testimony of purchasing $5.8 million in government bonds under cover of fictitious names and distributing them for purposes of bribery and blackmail among government officials. The third client was Herman Kravitz, a garment manufacturer convicted of stealing from the government and at the time Chotiner went to work for him under i dictment for falsifying records on government-furnish material. The fourth was Marco Reginelli.

"GANG KILLINGS HERE LAID TO FIGHT OVER RE NELLI'S RACKETS" is the headline in the *Philadelph Daily News* of January 26, 1956. The story begins:

> The tottering numbers empire of Marco Reginelli was designated today as the prize that has gangland guns spitting in South Philadelphia.
>
> Most if not all of the five deaths of known numbers hoodlums in the past 18 months can be traced to the uncertain state of Reginelli's citizenship.

Abrams and Kravitz were involved in theft of gover ment property cases. Chotiner had never handled ca of this kind. Yet Abrams and Kravitz went from Ne Jersey to California to hire him. Chotiner took th cases to the Department of Justice; the government's a tion against Kravitz was dropped on the following da Chotiner then took his payment—in cash.

Reginelli was about to be deported as an undesirab alien. Chotiner had never handled a deportation case a did not serve as attorney of record for Reginelli. But worked behind the scenes for Reginelli, and the gangst was not deported. In fact, with Chotiner's help he w given US citizenship after a New Jersey judge four his record free of any taint. A higher court reversed th decision.

Chotiner also represented two airlines before the fe eral government. Here the way to the Civil Aeronauti Board was opened for him by two Presidenti assistants, Charles Willis and Maxwell Rabb. His ban accounts, should they be subpoenaed by the Senate Con mittee, might well reveal a good deal more. But the Se ators seem reluctant to press further. Chotiner is sti Nixon's "anchor man" in Southern California to quo the *New York Times*. He seems to be protected as th five percenters in Harry Truman's days were not.

Elections and Civil Right

FOR THE FIRST time in at least two decades, there good reason for thinking Congress may enact som civil-rights legislation. Passage could be blocked, as has been before, by Democratic Senators from the Soutl but if that happens the Negro rebellion against "the part of Senator Eastland" is bound to spread. Whether a fil buster threat can be averted and legislation approve depends primarily on whether Presidential leadership used effectively to keep Republicans in both house united behind their own party's civil-rights proposal the most important of which would give Negroes add tional protection against interference with their right t vote, and protection against attempts to intimidate ther by violence. If the Republicans stand firm, their vote

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ombined with 50 percent of the Democratic votes assure two-thirds majority.

It is hardly news that the Democratic Party is split on is issue and is likely to stay split for some time. Yet, the Southern wing feels obliged to sound off loud and ear against federal intervention on behalf of Negro ghts, Northern Democrats, especially those from the g cities, are likewise compelled to demonstrate equal rvor on the other side. Republicans need gain only a et of 15 seats to win control of the House. And in 32 stricts now held by Democrats, the percentage of egroes in the population (1950) exceeded the winning emocratic candidate's margin of victory in the last elec- on. A substantial shift of Negro votes in such areas uld be fatal to the Democrats.

As for the Republicans, although they have, on the hole, kept their passion for civil rights well under ntrol during the past 20 years, they are showing signs of responding to this most seductive political attraction: the possibility of Negro voters suing the Democratic Party for divorce on grounds of desertion.

But behind these intra-party shifts and rifts lies one fact that has been obscured. No candidate for the Presidency, in either party, differs significantly from his competitors on major civil-rights items: the right to vote, protecting members of racial or religious minorities against violence, assuring compliance with the Court's ruling on desegregation, avoiding enforcement of the Court's decision by the use of federal troops. Between candidates Eisenhower, Stevenson, Kefauver, Harriman, Symington—even Nixon—there are, of course, differences in zeal and method, but the overriding and too-often-forgotten reality is that no man will be permitted to lead this nation who does not clearly express the national will for measurable progress toward full equality for all citizens.

Adlai Stevenson—"The Great Unfinished Business"

WE MUST SHOW that freedom is the servant of the poor as well as the rich—for most of the world is oor; that it protects change—for most of the world is a revolution; that it is color-blind—for humanity knows o color lines. Yet we must do this not just because it ay exalt our leadership in the world, but, above all, or the sake of these values themselves—the values which ive life and power to the great experiment in elf-government to which we as a people have een so long committed, and to which so many thers in Asia and Africa now urgently aspire. Our task is all the harder and the purity of our xample all the more important because these eoples know little about these values of in- ividual freedom and rights which lie at the oot of free society and national independence. The achievement of equal rights for all Ameri- an citizens is the great unfinished business efore the United States. This would be just as much he case had there been no Supreme Court decision on esegregation in the public schools. That decision was imply an expression of our steady movement toward enuine equality for all before the law; it expressed in a ew field the old principle that the American heritage of iberty and opportunity is not to be confined to men, omen and children of a single race, a single religion r a single color. Yet the Supreme Court decision requires ocial change in some areas of our country, and all social hange creates massive problems of adjustment. The upreme Court wisely left it to the District Courts to etermine the measures of good faith progress.

There remains, however, the abiding responsibility f the Executive branch of the government to do its part in meeting this most fateful internal problem and the rising tensions that have followed in its train. The Presidency is, above all, a place of moral leadership. Yet in these months of crucial importance no leadership has been provided. The immense prestige and influence of the office has been withheld from those who honestly seek to carry out the law in gathering storm and against rising resistance. Refusing to rise to this great moral and constitutional crisis, the Administration has hardly even acknowledged its gravity. It is the sworn responsibility of the President of this nation to carry out the law of the land. And I would point out that this office is the one office in the democracy, apart from the courts, where the man who fills it represents all the people. Those in the Congress bear particular responsibilities to the citizens of the states they represent, and on what is in some ways a regional problem their views are naturally divided. Not so of the Presidency. Where the nation is divided, there is special demand on him to unite and lead the people toward the common goal.

As President, if that were my privilege, I would work ceaselessly and with a sense of crucial urgency—with public officials, private groups and educators—to meet this challenge in our life as a nation and this threat to our national reputation. I would act in the knowledge that law and order is the Executive's responsibility; and I would and will act, too, I pray, in the conviction that to play politics with the court's decision and the basic rights of citizens and human beings is wicked.

April 25, 1956

New York City

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Khrushchev and Bulganin in Britain

"Who Is This George Brown?"

by HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE VISIT of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev to Britain has turned out to be neither a triumph nor a flop. It has not led to a new deal between Britain and Russia, as the innocents hoped: on the other hand it has not ended, as the belligerents expected, in anger and reproaches. On specific questions there was no progress on disarmament or on Germany; but the Russians have, it should be realized, given promissory notes on the Middle East, on trade relations and on contacts between Russia and Britain. The British believe that the assurances on the Middle East may be the one significant achievement of the visit. What astonished them was that although they had for years told the Soviet Embassy that Britain regarded the Middle East as of supreme importance, their views had apparently never been passed on to Moscow. The Russians gave the impression that they have hitherto regarded the Middle East as a safe and happy hunting ground where they could start up trouble without any danger of an explosion from the West. They know better now.

B and K at the tomb of Karl Marx

But the intangibles are perhaps more important than the bromides of the official communiques. Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev have had their first contact with the We and it is possible that they have gone away with refl tions that may yet do good. They have seen that Briti workers are not still sunk in the stupifying squalor c picted by Dickens. The British, they may have observe are still a flourishing democracy and cannot be dem lished by a few kind words.

The Russians must have hoped that their English to would be as successful as their jamboree in India—the would be crowds and cheers, so generous that it wou amount to a popular demonstration in favor of t Soviet. What is more, they had every reason for thinki so. A short time before they arrived they sent Mr. Male kov ahead like a latter-day Elijah to prepare the way, a on his return to Moscow he was able to tell a most hea ening story. Mr. Malenkov is not only a man of gre charm: in all his conversations with the British he ga the impression that he was honestly interested in oth people's opinions and wanted to understand the stran ways of the West. This attitude partly accounts for t extraordinary rumpus that occurred when the Labo Party entertained Mr. Khrushchev. Some weeks befo the Khrushchev visit, the Socialists had spent a delightf evening with Mr. Malenkov and had, in the greatest goo humor, discussed every difficulty and misunderstandin Mr. Malenkov, who is a sophisticated intellectual, did n once lose his temper, although the going at times w certainly rough. For instance, at one point, Mr. Malenk was asked, "Why should seven despots be better tha one?" What the Socialists did not realize was that M Khrushchev is not the same animal as Mr. Malenko he is much more like the late Ernest Bevin—blun brusque, apt to boil over at the least hint of contradi tion. What Mr. Malenkov could accept as a joke M Khrushchev was inclined to take as an insult.

We can see now that the Russians made a mistake i sending Mr. Malenkov ahead of Bulganin and Khrush chev. For one thing his extraordinary success so alarme Sir Anthony Eden that he altered the program—a chang that provoked a protest from Moscow shortly befo B and K, as they are now known in Britain, set out o their journey. Some visits to factories were cut out an the opportunities for fraternization generally reduce the tour became much more formal than was originall intended. But Mr. Malenkov's triumph also deceived th

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Russians. The British could not somehow associate this uddly Father Christmas, forever whipping out boxes of hocolates and oozing goodwill and affection, with the hings they dislike in the Soviet system. Besides, he had very special virtue in British eyes. The English are a trange people with such an unreasonable passion for he under-dog that they often shout more about their lefeats than about their victories. The fact that Mr. Malenkov had been dismissed from the Premiership of he USSR automatically aroused the protective feelings of the British public. It was hardly a point that the Russians were likely to appreciate.

THAT the attitude to B and K was going to be very different appeared even on the first day of their arrival. No one in the crowd at Portsmouth raised a cheer as hey landed. When they stepped out of the train at Victoria station, London, there was a cheer from the sightseers at the end of the platform and another noise that sounded suspiciously like booing. The formalities added to the somewhat chilly atmosphere. There was no band, no red carpet, no draperies and only two bouquets. In fact the one impressive figure was the station master who turned up in a top hat and wore a red carnation.

The greeting just outside the station was a good deal warmer, for the cars, with their escort of motor-cycle police, were showered with flowers. It was to prove the best reception the two were to have, though even at this stage there were protests from the fanatics and humorists sprinkled among the crowd. "We want Grace Kelly" was the message on one banner. A man and a woman belonging to a society called the League of Empire Loyalties had somehow rigged up an amplifier and loud-speaker and eventually had to be arrested. "Sir Anthony Eden has just shaken hands with murder," the woman shouted; and then added, "Bulganin and Khrushchev are in this country to our shame." Another demonstrator, bearing the honored name of Tolstoy, called "Keep the red beasts out."

Half an hour after B and K arrived at Victoria they drove up to Claridge's, one of the lushest hotels in Europe and the place usually chosen by visiting royalty. The Red Flag, with its shaming hammer and sickle, now flew above its capitalist ramparts. That B and K should choose this citadel of the enemy is in itself a curiosity. Mr. Malenkov stayed at the Soviet Embassy and Marshal Tito when he was in Britain took a private house. B and K insisted on Claridge's, and one wonders why. Whatever the reason, their approach created near-panic among the normal occupants. Decaying lairds from Scotland and anemic duchesses from the English shires packed their bags in indignation and retired for the duration to their crumbling family seats: the plumbing might not be all that was desired but at least they would be outside the noisy range of the tumbrills. A few aging spinsters and brittle old generals bravely stayed on, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. In the evenings this gallant little army gathered in the lounge and affected not to see the members of the Russian secret police, whose bulging pockets, padded shoulders and unfashionably wide trousers eloquently betrayed their profession.

As things turned out, the greetings that B and K had at Victoria station were fairly typical of the reception they were given throughout the tour. They were never again to be showered with flowers—silence or a confusion of boos and cheers were the usual response. This reserve should not be misunderstood. The British dearly love a show of pageantry, and they may have been disappointed to find that B and K were always in dreary modern cars and were usually driven so fast that it was difficult to see them. If they had been displayed in an open landau and had had an escort of the Life Guards, their welcome might have been much more cordial.

More interesting than the attitude of the British public was the enthusiasm of the Soviet Press. Even on the first day, when there was surely little to write home about, *Pravda* and *Izvestia* were in full song. *Pravda* said that there had been "concerted applause," and *Izvestia* recorded that "thousands of citizens of the British capital joyfully greeted the Soviet guests." There were similar broadcasts on the wireless. "This is an historic day in Anglo-Soviet relations," said a radio commentator. "For the first time in the 38 years of the existence of the Soviet State, its leaders stepped on to British soil."

When this chorus continued, the suspicion spread that B and K were more anxious to impress their own public than their British hosts. Perhaps the West has consistently underestimated the importance of the new look in Russia. To repudiate Stalin was not just a simple act of policy: it was a shattering explosion that was bound to set off innumerable repercussions. After all, Stalin was more than a dictator who clamped down a stifling despotism on the Russian people: he was also the author of the Cold War, the man who implacably opposed any understanding between East and West. The goodwill mission to Britain may well have been an attempt to prove to the Soviet public that Stalin's successors could bring about a new era of peace and relaxation.

AS IN India, Marshal Bulganin was completely overshadowed by Mr. Khrushchev. Indeed Mr. Khrushchev is clearly a most remarkable man. He is prickly, sometimes brutal, and obviously has no conception of what democracy means. His gestures, the more incautious asides, certainly passages in his public speeches show more eloquently than any learned sermon the mountainous difficulties of a *rapprochement* between West and East. Until Mr. Khrushchev went to India, he had never been out of Russia: he is a hot-house product of isolation.

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He can get on fairly well with Conservatives because there is a sense in which Conservatives are much closer to the Communist mentality than anybody else. Liberals and Social Democrats arouse all his suspicions and contempt.

But although Mr. Khrushchev may often be crude, there is no doubt that he is also a man of outstanding ability. There were times during the tour when he infallibly struck the right note, when the British could feel that he was a bluff and honest man who could be trusted. Consider, for instance, the masterly passage from a speech of his at the Soviet Embassy:

> You, gentlemen, do not like Communism. We are aware of this, and we do not hide the fact that we do not like Capitalism; but we must live in peace. Naturally, we do not demand that you love us. However, it is impossible not to recognize the fact that such a great country as the Soviet Union does exist, and that country wants peace, not war. As they say: "You have to live with the neighbor that God has sent you, and not with the neighbor you would like to have."

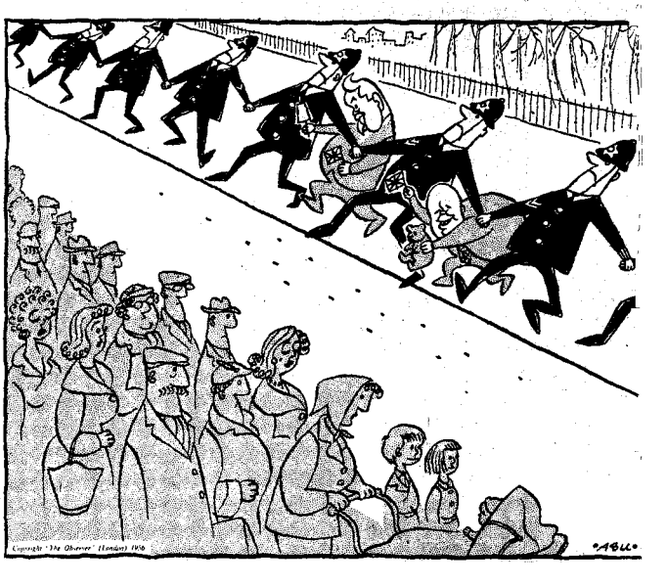
The English so liked this speech that Liberal commentators wrote as if sweetness and light was, at long last, about to descend upon our distracted universe.

The other side of Mr. Khrushchev came out during the dinner arranged by the Labour Party. We should be very careful about this because the facts have been grotesquely misrepresented in both Britain and America. Mr. Khrushchev has been displayed as blowing up with fury because Mr. Gaitskell asked him to help some 150 Socialists imprisoned in Russia and the satellites. Mr. Khrushchev did blow up, but the background is by no means as simple as the newspapers have reported.

To begin with there was the initial misunderstanding —the cheerful belief that you could say to Mr. Khrushchev what you had so recently said to Mr. Malenkov. Then the whole atmosphere was different. The Malenkov dinner was a comparatively small affair, the Khrushchev evening was much more like a solemn banquet. What nobody seems to have appreciated is that a joke made in the intimacy of the first occasion might sound very like rudeness in the formality of the second.

THERE are two versions of what happened. The first is that Mr. Khrushchev was goaded into anger by Mr. George Brown, a somewhat brash union official who has largely made his way by his anti-Communism. Mr. Brown is said to have raised his glass to Mr. Khrushchev with the remark, "Here's to the big boss." Whereupon Mr. Khrushchev, now beside himself, raised his in reply and said, "Here's to the big little boss." Mr. Brown is also reported as having made some unfortunate remarks to Mr. Khrushchev's son, though it is only fair to add that young Mr. Khrushchev does not seem to have taken offense.

The second version is that Mr. Khrushchev showed no



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sign of annoyance when he rose to speak—indeed seemed rather flattered that various people in the room had called out, "Khrushchev! Khrushchev!" after Marshal Bulganin had sat down. One's own opinion is that Mr. Brown may have meant no harm but was unbelievably insensitive and crude. Certainly Mr. Khrushchev appeared to be extremely angry with Mr. Brown after the dinner. For instance, he said to Mr. Gaitskell, "Who is this George Brown? I didn't know such people existed. We haven't seen them in Russia for 30 years."

The next point to realize is that Mr. Khrushchev knows nothing about the conventions of a democracy and was therefore hopelessly at a disadvantage when he was interrupted. As one Labour MP sadly put it afterwards, "He has never had the inestimable advantage of fighting an election in my constituency." Any practiced speaker in America or Britain knows better than to get into argument with a heckler; if he does, it will end in the heckler making his speech for him. That is exactly what happened at the Labour dinner. Mr. Khrushchev was not only led on to defend the Hitler-Stalin Pact. He did something far more serious than that. He said that if the British continued on their present course, the Russians would do the same thing again. It was this passage, rather than Mr. Khrushchev's refusal to help the imprisoned Socialists, that shattered many honest democratic hearts.

Some people gleefully believe that this quarrel at the Labour dinner will have profound repercussions—it will, in their opinion, end any danger of an alliance between Socialists and Communists in Europe. This seems a naïve interpretation. The idea of a popular front in Britain was never a serious possibility—it is just a Communist dream. As for the Social Democrats in France and Italy, they surely know by this time, without any words from Mr. Khrushchev, what the Communists really think of them. The importance of the Khrushchev speech lies

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elsewhere. For if the Russians are prepared to make another Hitler-Stalin Pact with the West Germans, what is going to happen to the Poles and the Czechs? Clearly, any deal of this kind would have to be at their expense.

There is some evidence that Mr. Khrushchev himself realized the danger when he saw Mr. Gaitskell later in the week. At first he was as prickly and adamant as ever. Only when Mr. Gaitskell hinted that he might print the speech in full did the atmosphere change. Mr. Khrushchev must have realized that if his remarks were ever published, they would spread fear and consternation throughout the satellites.

What is of less importance is that the Labour dinner may increasingly influence British politics. No one in the future is going to believe in Labour's proud boast that only the Left can speak to the Left. The floating voter may come to believe the opposite—that Sir Anthony Eden is a safer bet than Mr. George Brown.

Possibilities of Trade

THE ANGLO-SOVIET trade talks which accompanied the more spectacular political discussions during the Khrushchev-Bulganin visit indicated that the USSR will continue to devote its capital resources to the expansion of heavy industry, while buying machinery and consumer goods from the rest of the world. For all the emphasis on their ability to supply capital equipment and advanced technology to backward areas, the Soviet leaders acknowledged—at least in private—that the USSR will for some time continue to remain a net importer of capital goods. The tempting offer to purchase up to £1 billion worth of imports from Britain over the next five years is a part of the Soviet drive to obtain the goods and technical know-how necessary to complete Russia's industrial self-education. The talks took place against the background of an expanding volume of trade between the two countries. Nineteen fifty-five was, in fact, a record year for British-Soviet trade: the figures for the first quarter of the current year indicate that British exports to Russia are now running at double last year's rate, while imports have recovered their pre-embargo level.

At the moment it is not clear how the Russians propose to pay for the heavy goods they want from Britain, unless they are willing to spend their gold reserve. The export goods they have suggested—principally timber, furs and grain—could not be sold in sufficient quantity to pay for the level of British exports which they envisage. If they were prepared to engage in multilateral trade and banking with a realistic ruble rate instead of the present inflated one, they might conceivably earn enough sterling throughout the world to pay for their imports from Britain under the program; but they are not—Khrushchev made that clear when he denied publicly that the ruble was over-valued. That leaves one solution: the USSR may try to expand cotton sales and to resume the substantial wheat and grain exports of pre-revolutionary days. The fall in Russian grain exports is attributable to the relative failure of Stalinist policies in agriculture. There are signs, however, that the Soviet leaders expect to be able to resume major crop exports when Khrushchev's plans to develop the "virgin lands" in the Soviet Far East have come to fruition, and the fact that he and Bulganin committed themselves to a public offer to buy £1 billion worth of British goods suggests some optimism in this respect. It also indicates that the foreign and domestic policies of the ruling group are much more closely tied together than appears at first sight.

Some of the early optimism about expanding trade has already begun to cool, however, upon inspection of the Soviet "shopping list." The document issued by the Russians is divided into two parts. The first consists of a detailed list of requirements, mainly of capital goods, to a value of more than £400 million, while the second gives just a brief indication of the kind of basic materials, raw and semi-processed, which they wish to purchase, up to a value of some £500 million. This second group should raise few difficulties, but even here there are some snags. An offer to buy more wool from Britain means little if it merely replaces Russian wool purchases in Australia; the same applies to rubber. Copper, which is on the list, is subject to the embargo, while copper wire is already being exported from Britain to Russia in enormous quantities, and the variety of steel products listed are in short supply in Britain.

SECTION one is even more baffling. The majority of the goods actually named are either subject to strategic restrictions or in very short supply. The new proposals show a considerable total increase over the Soviet 1954 offer to buy, but most of it is concentrated in the plant and machinery category which, as Eden pointed out in his broadcast, is affected by the ban on exporting strategic goods. The present Russian list of machine tools, in particular, appears to consist largely of machines listed under embargo. And nearly all the machines requested are of an advanced type, many of them in extremely limited production here and difficult to obtain. To take up the Russian offer, British industry would have to recast a good deal of its own internal development structure. (Exceptions are chemical plant, printing machinery and plastics, where Russian requirements are easier to meet.) The Russians are thus clearly aiming at a further liberalization of the embargo, which has indeed already been considerably relaxed over the past two years. Bulganin admitted as much when at the press conference he expressed hope that the British, being practical people, would somehow get around the embargo—a remark which drew loud laughter, not all of it unappreciative.

The significance of this greater readiness to trade is difficult to assess. Following Stalin's death, his successors encouraged a flood of consumer-goods purchases from

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abroad which seemed to indicate a complete reversal of policy. For a while Russia became the world's second largest importer of butter, and the third largest importer of meat. Hand in hand with this buying spree went heavy gold sales. The inroads they made into the Soviet State reserves are believed to have figured largely in the arraignment of Malenkov's policies and to have contributed to his fall. Under Khrushchev and Bulganin, the flood of consumer-goods imports was stopped, and purchases of capital goods once more dominated the import list. The current offer to take fairly large quantities of raw materials and unspecified amounts of consumer goods from Britain represents a slight shift toward the Malenkov position, which is borne out by the continued prominence of its chief protagonist in Soviet affairs.

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The Atomic Race

AMONG the many grounds for Russia's confidence that she can win the world in peaceful competition with the West is her conviction that she is already winning the race for atomic power. In his speech at Birmingham, Khrushchev boasted that Russia was the only country so far to have exploded the hydrogen bomb from an aircraft. The fact is that Russia has established a six-month lead over the US in this field, even though this month's test at Eniwetok may show that America is catching up.

There was nothing new in Khrushchev's claim; the Soviet press had said as much last November when the explosion took place. Much more impressive and unexpected was the news given by the Soviet scientist Kurchatov in his lecture at Oxford during the visit. Kurchatov offered irrefutable proof that Russia is well on the way toward mastering the first step toward making thermonuclear power available for peaceful uses. The fusion of hydrogen atoms requires temperatures above a million degrees centrigrade. So far such temperatures have been produced only through the explosion of an atomic fission bomb. Kurchatov demonstrated at Oxford that the Russians have managed to produce a million degrees centigrade in their laboratories by the discharge of heavy currents through a gas. Though the Russians have not yet achieved the fusion effects they had hoped for, the British scientists who heard Kurchatov had the impression that Russia has at least made a major breakthrough. If a means is found of harnessing the hydrogen atom to industrial use, shortage of fuel elements will no longer hold back economic development; it will be as if the oceans were turned into oil.

The West must face the implications of Soviet progress in these fields. Russia has always had a great scientific tradition, not least in nuclear physics. The Soviet scientist Peter Kapitza did much to stimulate British atomic research when he worked at Cambridge before the wa But no government has ever given the scientist so prom nent a position in the state as the Soviet Governme does today. The fact that Kurchatov was a leading mem ber of the Bulganin-Khrushchev delegation is itse significant. And no government has ever allocated suc lavish resources on scientific development. At prese Russia is producing twice as many engineering graduat per million as the United States, and more than fou times as many as Britain. The new Soviet Five-Year Pla provides for the training of nearly four million gra uates—nearly all in science and technology.

More important still, Russian science now draws o the best brains from among 900 million people. Th whole of the Communist bloc from the Elbe to th Pacific is available for a single organized program c research and development and provides the capital re quired to exploit any new discoveries which are made Whatever may be lost through the mistakes of an over centralized bureaucracy or the doctrinal inhibitions o the Communist dictatorship, this type of co-ordinatio gives the Soviet bloc great advantages over the West.

What can the West do to reduce this handicap? Ther are brains at our disposal as good as any behind the Iro Curtain. Much more can be done to train them for thes new scientific and technological adventures. In America Britain, and Western Germany at least that lesson i being learned. The most serious weakness of the Wes is its failure to co-operate internationally in a field wher no single country can hope to match the Soviet bloc While trained minds are in very short supply, it is lunati that each non-Communist country should have an inde pendent program of atomic research in both the militar and industrial fields. Indeed if the peaceful uses o atomic power are concentrated in the hands of privat industry, some countries may soon have several inde pendent research teams doing exactly the same work i jealous competition with one another.

On the military side, this means a colossal waste o money as well as of scarce manpower—although th countries concerned claim that if war should come the would all fight together. Moreover the diversion o resources into independent military projects aggravate the existing shortage of resources for peaceful develop ment. The atomic development of the West is being slowly strangled by a network of self-imposed restric tions on co-operation. And the only public excuse fo these restrictions is security against Communist espion age. Whatever validity that excuse may have had 10 year ago, it is nonsense now that the Communists are racing ahead of the West in the nuclear field. If Mr. Dulles i looking for means of strengthening NATO he migh start by tackling this problem.

DENIS HEALEY

London

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Auscling in on Labor — II

Pay Up, Or Be Shut Up

by WALTER GOODMAN

WHILE some gangsters content themselves with the exploitation of a single industry like clothing or food, others seek a wider range of action. They extort here; they extort there; they extort everywhere they can. Some of these ubiquitous personalities have discovered that union welfare funds offer them scope for their restless ambitions . . . not to mention an excellent return on no investment. Others, of a more pioneering stripe, have taken to forming their own unions and conducting their own, inimitable kind of labor relations.

The passage of the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947 brought little pleasure to most of America's labor leaders. But certain less doctrinaire individuals on the periphery of the labor movement had their imaginations stirred by a provision of the act which authorized the procurement of welfare insurance for working members of a union through employer contributions to a trust fund. Material drawn from a New York grand jury investigation indicates that these persons lost no time in seeking the shortest route to insuring their own welfare by the manipulation of other people's welfare insurance. The following story comes from Louis Saperstein, a Newark insurance broker who was shot four times after he had talked at some length to the grand jury last March.

Several weeks before the passage of Taft-Hartley, one "Doc" Stacher approached Saperstein, who was then making a modest $15,000 a year handling general insurance, with the suggestion that he might be interested in extending his operations to the welfare fund field. Stacher was in a position to promise the broker the business of the Rectifiers, Distillers and Wine Workers International (AFL). All Stacher asked for himself was a 75-percent cut of Saperstein's commission.

Saperstein indicated that he was indeed interested; a meeting was arranged with Sol Cilento, secretary-treasurer of the union and other members of a notably trustful board of trustees; the deal was consummated. For the next three years, Saperstein handled the liquor union's welfare insurance, with Stacher receiving $100 a week plus an undistributed share of the commission.

The release from jail in 1950 of a convicted labor racketeer named George Scalise changed all this. "Doc" Stacher suddenly informed Saperstein that he was moving to Las Vegas and wanted his money. An agreement was reached whereby the broker was to pay him $240,000—his share of what had become a very fruitful operation—over a two-year period, and "Doc" went West.

Saperstein thereupon approached Cilento, seeking some guarantee that he would continue to get the union's welfare business, even without the help of Doc Stacher. After some dickering, Cilento agreed to keep Saperstein as agent for 40 percent of his take and $1,000 a month in cash. But negotiations were only beginning for the ill-fated insurance man. Two weeks later, Cilento called to inform him, "I'm not alone in this business." "Little Augie" Pisano, an old-time buddy of Al Capone, and the newly freed George Scalise were coming in on the deal.

Sol Cilento

After a number of bargaining sessions at a midtown restaurant, Saperstein was finally obliged to pay to the triumvirate of Cilento, Pisano and Scalise 25 percent of the gross commissions that devolved on him by virtue of his distillery union connection (paid via a broker brother-in-law of Scalise named Victor Franko); 50 percent of his commissions on the other accounts they were subsequently to bring him from other unions in which they wielded influence; and $1,000 per month in cash in lieu of any cut of his private business.

Yet even this was not the end; complications began arising rapidly. Saperstein handled a laundry workers' welfare fund, which his associates felt left out of, so he promptly cut them in for 50 percent. A Senate subcommittee, headed by Paul Douglas, which has been studying the welfare-fund racket for two years found this arrangement with the Laundry Workers International among the most offensive. The subcommittee reported, "The embezzlement of more than $900,000 was traced to Saperstein, who was obviously in collusion with at least one of the union officials, E. C. James, secretary-treasurer of the international."

After assuring himself a portion of this sum, Scalise discovered the private deal Saperstein had originally en-

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tered into with Sol Cilento, and two neglected partners demanded that the broker pay them as much as he had paid the secretary-treasurer of the union. They also demanded, and got, a healthy share of some real estate stock which Saperstein held. In addition Saperstein treated his three insatiable associates to new Cadillacs, furs, a trip to Europe, a yacht and loans for friends.

In 1953 Saperstein, whose activities had been under investigation for the past year, was brought into court. He refused to answer any questions despite the playing of recorded conversations which detailed his unusual financial arrangements. In July, 1954, he was sentenced to five years in prison. Six weeks later, having decided to co-operate with the authorities, he was released on a certificate of reasonable doubt and was met at the prison gates by his chums Pisano and Scalise, who greeted him warmly. Then followed Saperstein's appearance before a New York grand jury and his attempted assassination last March. The grand jury record was made public a few weeks ago by the New York District Attorney, who is currently appealing the state Supreme Court's dismissal on technical grounds of the indictments of Scalise, Pisano and Cilento.

Lest the Saperstein case seem unique, an investigator who completed a year-long study of health and pension funds for the New York State Insurance Department in March reported running across several instances in which union officials and insurance agents behaved as if the funds were "private endowments for themselves and their families." Martin S. House, former special counsel to the Insurance Department, found that administrative costs in one-third of the 145 funds surveyed were more than 15 percent. One, covering more than 500 workers, had an overhead of 55 percent. Five to 10 percent is considered a reasonable administrative expense.

Some fund administrators were found to be receiving $13,000 to $25,000 a year in addition to their regular union salaries, as "commissions." It was clear in several cases that agents were splitting fees with union officials. The state discovered that unrepaid loans and outright gifts were made from some funds. Welfare money was found to have been used to finance strikes, erect union buildings and buy automobiles for union officials.

"There is no doubt that a great many of these abuses are the work of racketeers who have muscled into the welfare field," concluded Mr. House. "They cannot continue to operate unchecked." Legislation to check them by establishing adequate state supervision is presently under consideration in Albany.

AMONG the most enthusiastic organizers of labor these days one finds some unlikely characters. Take, for instance, John Dioguardi, better known as Johnny Dio, whose current efforts within the teamsters have been duly noted in part one of this report. Johnny plunged passionately into the labor movement in the fall of 1950. His most important previous connection with the lab movement was as an extortionist in the garment-truckin industry, for which he received three to five years impr onment from the state.

But in 1950, he was out, and with the assistance Sam Berger, president of Local 102 of the Cloak a Dress Drivers Union, ILGWU, and a fabled benefact of former convicts, Johnny obtained a charter from t United Auto Workers Union (AFL)—a not very i portant branch of the Federation, with offices in the Mi west. Thus was formed Local 102, staffed by some rel able friends of Johnny, who was simultaneously beir paid $11,200 by a Jersey City dress-manufacturing co cern for his efforts at preventing the plant's unionizatio

In January, 1951, Johnny took over the presidency Local 102; in March, 1952, he obtained another chart for Local 649, whose broad purpose it was to unioni any and all unorganized industries—like neighborhoc candy stores, for example—while 102 concentrated c taxi drivers. Johnny, in control of a half dozen oth locals by now, also attained the position of region director of the international union.

In April, 1952, the District Attorney's office subpo naed the books and records of both 102 and 649. Thes revealed that 102 had "borrowed" about $26,000 fro undisclosed sources, which Johnny subsequently decline to disclose. The secretary-treasurer of the internationa union said Johnny's business was none of his business.

Two months later two officers of Local 649—Anthon Topazio and Joseph Cohen, a one-time burglar—ap proached the president of a Yonkers flower bulb im porter and distributor with a demand for $10,000 as th price of labor tranquillity. The unionizers had the il luck to pick on one of those rare victims who notify th police when thugs drop around. At the next employer organizer meeting in a Manhattan office, detectives were listening in on the proceedings from an adjoining office As Messrs. Topazio and Cohen stretched forth thei hands for an agreed $1,000 in cash, they were placed under arrest. In March, 1953, both men got three years in the penitentiary. Johnny Dio was nabbed a month later on the classic charge of evading state income taxes. He got off with 60 days in the workhouse.

The charter of Local 102 was revoked in June, at the direction of the AFL itself, but the jailed Dio remained regional director of the United Automobile Workers and head of Local 649. At length the international president of the United Automobile Workers did read him out of the labor movement and lifted the charters of several Dio-controlled mushroom locals in New York and Philadelphia. But two weeks later, the union's executive board forced the president's resignation, reinstated the locals and gave Dio a chance to appeal his expulsion. The latter gallantly resigned from the union and set himself up as a labor-relations consultant in a firm called the Equitable Research Association. His old locals have now made their

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way into the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, where they are exerting themselves in behalf of John O'Rourke and James Hoffa.

A protégé of Johnny Dio, Samuel Zakman, emulated his former boss and went into the union business on his own at the end of 1952. Obtaining an AFL charter, he set himself up as business manager and general representative of Local 512 of the Amalgamated Miscellaneous Production and Cleaners Employees. One Nicholas Leone became secretary-treasurer of the local.

These two friends of the miscellaneous workingmen immediately embarked on shaking down 18 messenger services, threatening to "fracture" the industry if they weren't pacified. Mercury Service Systems, Inc., paid them $8,000 for the privilege of remaining in one unfractured piece. The Rapid Messenger Co. rapidly promised to pay an identical tribute. The 16 recalcitrant groups were summoned to a meeting and informed that their alternative to paying up was harassment by picket lines and anonymous callers filling their business wires with the Gettysburg Address. One of the firms complained to the police, not about extortion but about unlawful picketing. This was enough, however, and the two unionizers were sent to prison for conspiracy, extortion and coercion.

IN June, 1953, Arthur Lampert and Julius Goldberg became president and business manager respectively of the General Industrial Workers Union Local 140. They had obtained their charter from the Distillery, Rectifying and Wine Workers International Union (AFL)—Louis Saperstein's original benefactor.

This new arm of America's wine workers went to work with a will, collecting substantial sums from firms manufacturing electrical equipment, children's dresses and plastic for ladies' undergarments, among other non-alcoholic things. They met their nemesis in the person of the proprietor of a Canal Street company called Pleat-Rit, Inc. On being informed that Local 140 was preparing to bring his Spanish-speaking pleat-makers into the union fold, their employer responded that he thought they might feel more at home among garment workers than distillery workers. The argument did not detour these proselytizers for the proletariat, however. They slashed the tires of the owner's delivery truck; they attempted to attack him; they called his home with arguments of their own: "If this keeps up much longer, you're going to end up in an iron lung with a knife in your body." Goldberg and Lampert ended up in jail.

The latest indictment for counterfeit unionizing came in March when three present and one former official of Local 405, Retail Clerks International Association, were accused by District Attorney Hogan of setting up a catch-all union, "apparently for the sole purpose of serving as an instrument of extortion."

The District Attorney's descriptions of their alleged operations serves as a guide to the doings of many new "unionizers." They are accused of approaching unorganized businesses—including manufacturers of hosiery, plastic zippers and cellophane pocketbooks as well as retailers of truck tires, artist's materials and camera parts, not to mention a five-and-ten-cent store—with an offer of prohibitive contracts. But, says the District Attorney, they invariably agreed to an easing of the terms, or even to no contract at all, upon the payment of around $2,000. If the employer balked at this simple condition, a picket line composed of Bowery regulars would form before his premises and he would be persuaded to submit to the will of the workers.

These new-fangled union organizers follow a neat pattern: They get a charter from kindred spirits within the labor movement, which gives them the universe as their jurisdiction. They concentrate on small firms with a handful of workers and an easily frightened boss—marginal manufacturers and small retailers. They rely on the willingness of these men to pay a few hundred dollars rather than become involved with the police and risk becoming the target for the recriminations or for the bullets of the city's hoodlums.

" . . . Apathy, fear and self-interest . . . ," these are the motivations singled out by the District Attorney to explain what keeps businessmen from coming to the police when they are being systematically victimized by thugs. Extortion is not an easy crime to prove; it requires direct evidence of threat or coercion, which can usually be supplied only by the theatened individual.

But the real problem lies elsewhere. How have racketeers become entrenched in reputable unions? How do known criminals obtain charters to set up their phony locals? How have ex-convicts gained control of large union welfare funds? How do some garment manufacturers get away with producing at sub-union standards? What explains the apparent affinity of officials of teamsters locals for unsavory doings in a variety of industries?

The District Attorney's office can hint at the answers to these questions. Only America's reputable labor leaders can make the questions themselves inapplicable.

Growth of Welfare Funds

After two years of study, a Senate Subcommittee on Welfare and Pension Funds reports that:

"Within the last 10 years [employee welfare and pension plans] have mushroomed with amazing speed and with almost no regulations and safeguards. It is surprising in a system of such magnitude and complexity that the abuses and weaknesses discovered by the subcommittee are not greater."

Today, 75 million individuals—29 million workers and their 46 million dependents—benefit from private welfare and pension plans. These plans or insurance policies underlying them, now number half a million. The pension funds have in reserve $20-25 billion. Approximately $6.8 billion is being added each year through employer-employee contributions.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Villains and Heroes in Business Novels

by Donald Malcolm

IT has been argued, by people whose judgment has been addled through looking at too much television, that the very worst efforts in any of the arts have a special fascination of their own, that they are, in fact, screamingly funny. In triumphant refutation of this thesis, I offer *The Empire*, another novel of the struggle for success in big business, only occasional passages of which rise high enough above vacuity to be seized upon and pronounced dull.

The Empire, by George de Mare (Putnam; $3.95).

It must be granted that the reader with a sardonic cast of mind might extract a degree of amusement from the struggle for promotion, which involves characters as flat as so many stock certificates; or from the women, who come straight from the wilder dreams of an inveterate *Esquire* reader ("She had on her low-cut, black cocktail gown, which emphasized her superb figure"); or from the handsome, "slightly cynical" males who say with *Esquire*-certified suavity: "My dear . . . you leave me speechless. You're even more ravishing than when I saw you last." Mr. de Mare notes with evident admiration that the speaker of these last lines "was able to toss off these compliments scarcely moving his lips."

Yet these engaging details cannot wholly disguise the fact that Mr. de Mare's book might have been a better one, or, if it comes to that, that it is hardly the class of work I have been employed to review. Why then am I wasting the reader's time with it? Simply because it is a fairly representative specimen of a new kind of novel about business, one which began, as nearly as I can make out, with Cameron Hawley's *Executive Suite*. It might be described as a "sympathetic exposé" of big business, the purpose of which is not to stimulate correction of abuses but to indicate what a heroic little fellow the executive really is for managing to function under such circumstances. Young as the genre is, it has already acquired a characteristic formula: the villain and the hero compete for promotion or control while, off slightly to one side a senior executive quietly expires of a coronary thrombosis as a martyr to the rigors of the free enterprise system. The novelist's problem, generally speaking, is to give appropriate values to these characters within the framework of a businessman's life. Apparently it is harder than it looks.

Mr. de Mare, at any rate, retires in some confusion before the problems of creating a viable hero and villain. Not that there is too much difficulty telling them apart in his novel. Who but a villain would be "gnawed more than once by the rats of midnight disappointments"? Who but a hero would seek out and read "the cool, smooth, detached phrases of Gibbon like chilled cream to sooth the hotness of his inexplicable melancholy"? But there is no *moral* difference between them worth mentioning. The villain seeks promotion to rise above his co-workers; the hero seeks merely to advance himself, but of course he rises above his co-workers for all that.

I GREATLY prefer Mr. Hawley's treatment of the problem (in the movie version of *Executive Suite*, at any rate) in which the hero and villain are at least identified with rival philosophies of production, which they argue before the board of directors. I treasure still the memory of William Holden's impassioned peroration, in the course of which he smashed the company's product against the wall, decried its flimsiness, and in ringing tones called for sturdier stuff, arguing *not* that the consumer was entitled to value for his money, or that the company should be ashamed of producing rubbish, but that quality production just happened to be the policy (greatest profit to the stockholders at th particular moment in history. At whic point the villain's "crime," if we p aside his offensive personality, amoun to nothing worse than urging a mistake and unprofitable course of action on t company; or, to translate it into t language of a certain foreign ideolog he is "objectively guilty" of "deviatio ist error." Mass production apparent makes even stranger bedfellows tha politics.

MR. DE MARE, the present autho finds himself in an even odd predicament when he tries to create believable business-man-martyr. One these poor wretches—not the cardi martyr but the alcoholic martyr—shuffling along the streets when h catches sight of the building whic houses the firm. His mind, the autho informs us, "began to haze over";

> Yes, he said with a sigh, looking up once more at the great Building—now a huge shadow on the horizon in the still and confusing air, a giant bulk rising out of the canyon of other lesser shadows in the late afternoon—yes, he said to himself with a sigh, man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until evening, but you, you will stand there long after those that went forth and came home are gone and new ones to take our place have come and gone also. You will still be there. You are eternal.

Not even Mr. de Mare's labored e fort to make himself clear can qui obscure his meaning here: the compa is a sort of industrial juggernaut, und the wheels of which junior executiv are invited to hurl themselves in Oriental ecstasy of abasement. And perhaps they do, but if this is marty dom, then so is the mass march of le mings into the sea. The executive wh finds his graying temples, Cadillac, e pense account and ultimate corona occlusion inadequate compensation f the life he leads, will, if he seeks i sympathy on the grounds stated abov be directed with cold civility to app elsewhere.

On the page which carries the cu tomary, if in this case totally unnec sary, declaration that the characters the novel do not represent living perso Mr. de Mare has installed a quotati

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om Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte 'Arthur* which further expresses his celings on the matter:

> Alas most noble . . . realm whom I have loved above all other realms and in thee I have gotten a great part of my worship and now I shall depart. . . .

If the author had looked into *Luke*, he might have found something even more appropriate to the businessman-martyr. I mean the verse which cheerfully describe how the Gadarene swine "ran violently down a steep place into the lake, and were choked."

In the Mind's Antipodes

by Hans Meyerhoff

MR. HUXLEY is an indefatigable explorer of the Great Unknown. The present volume represents nother expedition into this no-man's-and of the "mind's antipodes" where trange creatures dwell and still stranger isions light up in the images of heaven nd hell.

Mr. Huxley apparently is a gifted

Heaven and Hell, by Aldous Huxley (Harper; $2).

isionary himself; but unlike other popular representatives of this species, he is lso an extremely learned man. He has great knowledge of art, philosophy, nysticism, and religion; he is equally at ome in the world of modern science. Hence, "modern spiritualism and ancient radition" combine with pharmacology, iochemistry, neurology, and psychology o confirm the old belief that there is he "Other World," as Mr. Huxley calls t, different from the ordinary world in which we struggle to survive, where

> . . . there is a heaven of blissful visionary experience; there is also a hell of the same kind of appalling visionary experience . . . and there is also an experience, beyond time, of union with the Divine Ground.

This is the conclusion reached in this little book based on a study of drug-induced states of hallucination, on the one hand, and aesthetic, religious, and mystical visions on the other.

The issues posed are old and familiar. Those who have had the visions which Mr. Huxley is describing and analyzing need not be convinced of their "preternatural" significance; those who have not had the visions usually cannot be persuaded that they have the significance which the believer assigns to them. The issue is *not* whether people have had visions; that is a fact. The dispute arises, as always when facts of great moment are at stake, on the level of interpretation.

Mr. Huxley presents the facts with charm and clarity. He first elaborates on what are the "common features" of visionary experiences induced by mescalin, lysergic acid, and hypnosis; and finds that these features include: (1) light; (2) color (both of a "preternatural" quality and intensity); (3) a recognition of heightened significance, which means that the objects disclosed in these experiences, like MacLeish's poems, do not "mean," but simply are"; finally, (4) a typical sequence in the nature of these objects, from pure geometrical patterns to precious and beautiful things like carpets, carvings, mosaics, stones, flowers complicated buildings and mysterious landscapes. He then tries to show that art through the ages has captured and reproduced some of these qualities and objects, and that religious symbolism, in its description of both heaven and hell, has drawn on the same source. Thus the visionary experience becomes the door of perception to the Other World.

It is only fair, I think, to indicate briefly where the area of dispute begins. Take a minor example: For Mr. Huxley, the magnificent cactus blossoms shown at the end of Disney's *The Living Desert* "come straight from the Other World"; for they glow in light and color and reveal intricate, beautiful patterns never beheld by the human eye, thus transporting us beyond the world of ordinary vision. Now it is quite true that these pictures are very beautiful; it is impossible to forget them; but why must we say that they "come straight from the Other World" in order to account for their beauty and significance? Must we, for the greater glory of an unknown world, deprive nature, which, as *The Living Desert* also shows, is full of hardship and horror, of the compensatory beauty it contains; or must we deprive the artist of his genuine creative contribution which consists of converting the ephemeral, transitory elements of natural beauty into artificial things of beauty which may last forever and which may console us even when nature shows her ugly face?

As an artist, Mr. Huxley is, of course, responsive to the blessings of art; but in philosophizing about art he seems to put the cart before the horse. For, if I read him correctly, the beauty caught in art always owes its effect to its affinity with the beauty of objects in the Other World. Art—like mescalin and mysticism—is meant to induce visionary experiences. Now it is one thing to say (and true) that art reveals aspects of experience which we do not ordinarily notice with our instruments of perception, attuned as they are to (and distorted as they are by) the practical needs of survival. It is quite another thing to say that this function of exhibiting new and beautiful aspects in experience derives its meaning from the existence of another world beyond. That is, in fact, prejudging and begging the whole question of what art may or must mean.

SIMILARLY, it is one thing to say (as Huxley does) that the great art and architecture of the past must look ridiculous from a strictly utilitarian point of view. It is quite another thing to say that the ruins of Palmyra make sense because, "polished to a visionary glow, the rosy shafts (of the pink granite) proclaimed their manifest kinship with the Other World." Does that really make sense? And are we really so sure that our ancient forebears at Altamira, Stonehenge, or Palmyra were so singularly endowed with the gift of visionary experiences of the most profound kind; or is this assumption of the superior vision, wisdom, and insight of the ancients, similar to Jung's weird cult of the collective unconscious, but another manifestation of Rousseau's romantic praise of primitive man? One need not detract from the achievements of the ancients when one realizes that their "visions" were just as often hallucinatory delusions, and that mankind has travelled a

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long and painful road to "see" things more humbly and "realistically."

At times, Mr. Huxley also seems to take a more modest view. Thus he explains that our technological age is so saturated with lights and colors that our sensitivity to these stimuli is considerably reduced; whereas people in past ages lived under conditions of so much drabness and squalor that they developed

> . . . a passionate, an almost desperate thirst for bright, pure colors; hence, the overpowering effect produced by such colors whenever, in church or at court, they were displayed.

That sounds quite plausible; but what is the inference? For Mr. Huxley it is always that these visions were so attractive because they were faint replicas of the visionary experiences of the Other World. But does not Mr. Huxley's own description suggest a simpler explanation? Is it really so far-fetched or primitive to think that the view of another world, as in the Garden of Eden or the paradise of Islam, presented itself (or was presented) to a majority of people in the compensatory form of light and color, leisure and abundance, gaiety and beauty, because they lived in such hard, drab, and dreary conditions here on earth? Maybe this is not the whole story; but as a beginning it is surely more reasonable than Mr. Huxley's reification of the "Clear Light" of some "Mind-At-Large."

It is worth disputing Mr. Huxley's interpretations partly because he makes it appear as if there were no alternative theories dealing with visions and different levels of aesthetic perception, and partly because his reification of undeniable psychological phenomena must lend welcome support to the spirit of obscurantism and superstition rampant in our so-called scientific age. A majority of people apparently find it so comforting to think that their "visions" of one sort or another put them in touch with some mysterious Mind-at-Large which guarantees a "posthumous state" in which they will partake of the "blissful experiences" of heaven that they are not particularly troubled by the extremely scanty, dubious, and controversial e dence on which these vast metaphysi constructions are based nor by the f that, as Mr. Huxley also points o similar visions are quite commonpla among schizophrenics. James's will believe has celebrated new triumphs our age of alleged unbelief. Mr. Huxl I am sure, must look with misgivin upon the more popular manifestatio of "modern spiritualism and ancie tradition"; but his own sophisticate potent combination of mescalin a mysticism makes a substantial contrib tion towards ushering in the brave n world by Bridey Murphy.

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The Ethics of Censorship

by Allen Raymond

THE right of the people of the United States to know what their agents in government are doing with the public's business is implicit in the very nature of popular sovereignty, but limits on that right have been imposed by the Federal executive, and lesser executives, ever since the foundation of the Republic. Now along comes Kent Cooper, retired manager of The Associated Press, with a book that advocates a new constitutional amendment to deal with this flaw in our governmental structure.

The Right to Know: An Exposition of the Evils of News Suppression and Propaganda, by Kent Cooper (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy; $4).

Fortunately for our country, it seems to me, Mr. Cooper's voice is only one of many in journalism and out of it which are now being raised in constructive argument on the subject. The American Society of Newspaper Editors, meeting in Washington recently, has come up with a fifteen-point program designed to deal with the undoubted evil of news suppression and news distortion by the federal government. A committee of the House of Representatives is investigating the public information policies and practices of Federal agencies. Other books on the subject are being written.

Out of all this welter of public discussion, there appears to be a fair chance today that the American people will b better informed about their governme in the future than in the past. And M Cooper's book will have been a re contribution, well worth the reading c every newspaperman or woman. It co sists in large measure of a tolerant, a most Jovian run-down of the maj criticisms that are frequently levelle against the daily newspapers of th country and the press associations by man who believes as I do that they a the finest means of public informatio yet devised, but who goes far beyon me in his faith in their impeccabl virtue. It is written by a man also wh reveals that profound distaste for Pres dent Wilson, President Franklin D Roosevelt, and President Harry Tru man characteristic of the overwhelmin majority of newspaper publishers, and i valuable if only for this self-revelation.

It apparently is Mr. Cooper's resent ful opinion that Presidents Wilson an Roosevelt, while professing to be peace lovers, deceitfully plunged this countr into two wars by management and sup pression of news, and by the artful us of something he scorns as "propagan da." He lays down his thesis about drag ging a country into war by "propagan da" in this way:

If a President of the United State wishes to get a declaration of wa through Congress, he says, he must d one of two things. He must either

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. . by news propaganda goad Amerian citizens into demanding of Congress a declaration of war, or through ews propaganda goad a potential nemy with hostile words and actions, nd lead him, in reprisal to initiate a nilitary offensive, causing Congress to leclare war in self defense . . .

America, under President Wilson went into the First World War on the irst of these two patterns, and under President Roosevelt went into the Second World War on the second.

To substantiate his first charge against resident Wilson he cites the President's lease—exclusively through the Associated Press, by the way—of the note om Germany's foreign minister, Zimerman, seeking to enlist the help of exico and Japan as allies if the United ates deserted neutrality in 1917, when ermany resumed submarine warfare on ngland. Similarly, he says, when Hitler duced Japan to make threatening gesres toward the United States, during Vorld War II, Roosevelt was able to oad Japan into attack by propaganda hich built up a war psychosis.

Now it seems to me that the timing id nature of news releases by govnments, or statesmen, is indeed in the ature of propaganda. But I find it no ore distressing than Mr. Cooper's ropaganda to keep the government out f competition with private commercial ews agencies, such as the one he manged so ably on behalf of his employrs for so many years. The Sermon on ie Mount was certainly propaganda. ll news agencies and newspapers, by heir very function, lend themselves to he dissemination of a great deal of ropaganda, some of it against the pubic interest and some of it uttered or vritten on behalf of such glowing deals as peace, prosperity and happiess for all men everywhere. I doubt if Mr. Cooper's definition of propaganda s an "evil" will stand up under analyis. As a soldier in World War I and war correspondent in World War II, I merged as an admirer of both Wilson nd Roosevelt, and find that their soalled "propaganda" was spread successfully, through the Associated Press nd other agencies, within the proper oundaries of the statesman's arts.

There is one magnificently dramatic story within Mr. Cooper's volume. That s the story of how he fired Edward Kennedy as a war correspondent on the western front in World War II, when Mr. Kennedy decided the people's right to know about the signing of a peace treaty superseded any temporary agreement he might have made while the war was being fought. It contains also the story of how the President of the Associated Press apologized to the proper authorities for Mr. Kennedy's unwise decision. It tells also how General—later President—Eisenhower restored Mr. Kennedy's right to cover news stories of national defense, when the smoke of a temporary battle had cleared away.

THIS story is worth the study of every newspaperman or woman and every student of journalism, because it concerns a universal and timeless theme of infinite importance to everyone. The theme is Decision between Right and Wrong, when made, as normally, in the light of a man's self-interest. It is a story of ethics.

Neither Mr. Cooper nor I, it seems, would have decided as Kennedy did, in that one man's lonely decision. But Mr. Cooper and I both would agree, out of our combined ninety-seven years of newspaper experience, that the people's right to know is thwarted too often by the abuse of military and civilian security regulations; and that reporters are bound to fight for the people's right to know, right up to the very limits of their wisdom and conscience.

After reading the Cooper opus I am highly skeptical of the desirability or practicability of any constitutional amendment to establish the people's right to know more firmly than it is established today. I prefer the judgment of the American Society of Newspaper Editors that the problem must be tackled piecemeal, by specific action on many fronts.

Notes on Contributors

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THEATRE

The Talent of Samuel Beckett

THE minute a statement was released to the press that Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* was not for casual theatregoers but for intellectuals, I could have written Walter Kerr's review for him. And I felt myself being jockeyed into writing a defense of the play as if by its success or failure civilization would stand or fall. Such is criticism.

Or is it? Besides the intellectual anti-intellectualism of a Walter Kerr, two other attitudes, both of them less objectionable, have defined themselves in modern America: one is non-intellectual pro-intellectualism and the other is non-intellectual anti-intellectualism. Both these attitudes were represented in the newspaper reviews of *Waiting for Godot*, and obviously the production benefited as much from the first as it suffered from the second. Both groups of critics found the writing beyond them. The first was prepared to be respectful towards what was not fully understood. The second joined Mr. Kerr in finding something of a scandal in the very existence of difficulty. And there emerged, in his review and theirs, one of the big ideas of the century:

> Thinking is a simple, elementary process. *Godot* is merely a stunt . . .
>
> —John Chapman, *The Daily News*

> The author was once secretary to that master of obfuscation, James Joyce. Beckett appears to have absorbed some of his employer's ability to make the simple complex . . .
>
> —Robert Coleman, *The Daily Mirror*

> . . . the rhythms of an artist [Bert Lahr] with an eye to God's own truth. All of them, I think, are the rhythms of musical comedy, or revue, of tanbark entertainment— and they suggest that Mr. Lahr has, all along in his own lowbrow career, been in touch with what goes on in the minds and hearts of the folk out front. I wish that Mr. Beckett were as intimately in touch with the texture of things.
>
> —Walter Kerr, *Herald Tribune*

The superior insight of genius is unnecessary. All we need, to take upon us the non-mystery of things, is constant communion with the man of non-distinction.

Speaking of obfuscation, what could obfuscate our experience of Beckett's play more than the cloud of conflict between highbrow and lowbrow, highbrow and highbrow, lowbrow and lowbrow? This conflict is, of course, anterior to the play. The play itself presents a problem for our audiences too, and that is the problem of nausea as a playwright's conscious attitude to life.

Though it is permissible to be nauseated by existence, and even to say so, it seems doubtful whether one should expect to be paid for saying so, at any rate by a crowd of people in search of an amusing evening. Yet, since the humor which provides amusement is precisely, as Nietzsche observed, a victory over nausea, it would be hard to stage the victory without at least suggesting the identity and character of the foe. It has taken Krafft-Ebbing and Freud to force a general admission of the importance of nausea even, say, in the work of Swift, where it is most prominent.

American optimism drives American nausea a little more deeply underground: that is the difference between America and Europe. For, if the conscious "thought" of "serious" literature and drama becomes more insistently "positive," a nation's humor, arising from the depths of discomfort, repression and guilt, will become more and more destructive. Even now, if there is nothing quite so happy-drunk as American confidence, there is also nothing quite so blackly despondent as American cynicism, the "hardboiledness" of the "tough guy." But the ranks of the community close in order to hide the fact. Hence the great loathing and fear of any more conscious type of pessimism, such as that which flows in a steady stream from France. For Broadway use, the professional pessimism of Anouilh is made over into professional idealism.

Samuel Beckett's point of view seems pretty close to that of Anouilh or Sartre. *Waiting for Godot* is, so to speak, a play that one of them ought to have written. It is the quintessence of "existentialism" in the popular, and most relevant, sense of the term—a philosophy which underscores the incomprehensibility, and therefore the meaninglessness, of the universe, the naus which man feels upon being confront with the fact of existence, the prai worthiness of the acts of defiance m may perform—acts which are taken, faith, as self-justifying, while, rationa speaking, they have no justification l cause they have no possibility of succc

Like many modern plays, *Waiting f Godot* is undramatic but highly theat cal. Essential to drama, surely, is n merely situation but situation in mov ment, even in beautifully shaped mov ment. A *curve* is the most natural sy bol for a dramatic action, while, Aristotle said, beginning, middle, a end are three of its necessary featur Deliberately anti-dramatic, Becket play has a shape of a non-dramatic so two strips of action are laid side by si like railway tracks. These strips are O Day and the Following Day in the liv of a couple of bums. There *cannot* any drama because the author's concl sion is that the two days are the sam That there are also things that change indicated by a play-within-this-pl which also has two parts. The first tin that the characters of the inner pl come on they are a brutal Master and h pitiful Man; the second time they a both equally pitiful because the Mast has gone blind.

WHAT has brought the play befo audiences in so many countries— aside from snobberies and phony publ city—is its theatricality. Highbrow wri ers have been enthusiastic about clow and vaudeville for decades, but this in presses me as the first time that anythin has successfully been done about th matter. Mr. Kerr gave Bert Lahr all th credit for a traditional yet rich chara terization, which, however, had bee skillfully put together by Mr. Becket The author, to recapitulate, has not onl been able to define the "existentialist point of view more sharply than thos who are more famously associated wit it, he has also found for its expression vehicle of a sort that people have bee recommending without following the own recommendation.

It is, therefore, an important play Whether it is more important than thes two achievements suggest is the ques tion. To me, the play did not come ove with the force of revelation, nor wit that of sheer greatness. Mr. Beckett voice is interesting, but one does no

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ıite find it individual, because it does ɔt quite seem new. One is surely not ploiting an external fact unfairly in ying that Mr. Beckett is excessively— quite inevitably—over-influenced by ›yce. If Russian literature is cut from ɔgol's *Overcoat*, Irish literature is cut ɔm those coats of many colors, *Ulysses* ıd *Finnegans Wake*.

DO not think the play is obscure except as any rich piece of writing is ›scure. No doubt there are meanings at will disengage themselves in time one lives with such a work, yet ıough is clear from the first not only arouse interest but to communicate a e sense of a unified and intelligible ıage of life. I take it that Beckett beıgs to that extensive group of modern riters who have had a religious upːinging, retain religious impulses and ngings, but have lost all religious beːf. I should differentiate him from, ›y, Sartre in that he does not write ɔm the standpoint of atheism but, ıeologically speaking, from that of ːepticism. People who have seen *Godot* ːe able to suggest this or that solution –Christian, anti-Christian, etc. — preːsely because Beckett has left the door pen for them to do so. They are wrong nly if they intimate that the author imself passed through the door and losed it behind him. Rough words have een spoken about the allegedly excesːve symbolism of the play. This is unıst. Beckett's finest achievement is to ave made the chief relationships, which ːe many, so concrete that abstract inːrpretations are wholly relegated to the heatre lobby. He gives us, not tenets, ıt alternatives seen as human relationhips (between bum and bum, master ıd man); also as ordinary human attiıdes to God, Nature, and Death on the ne hand, and, on the other, to the trivialties," such as clothes, defecaɔn, smells . . .

The New York production is so good ıat I can dispose of the only serious ıortcomings in a few lines. The lightıg is of that "modern" sort which is ow old-fashioned and was always awıl: you don't see the actors' faces roperly, and every time an actor moves e is either moving into much less light r much more. One of the actors seems iscast. This is Kurt Kasznar as Pozzo, ıe Master, who gave us a playful stage illain instead of a stomach-turning real one; Mr. Kasznar was so brilliant as the Director in *Six Characters* that he has been lured into repeating part of the characterization in a very different role.

On the first night, Alvin Epstein as Lucky, the Man, threw away the content of the most effective speech in the play, into which Beckett seems to have poured all his training in Catholic philosophy. At the second performance, which I also attended, the fault had largely been corrected, without detriment to the pantomime, which is Mr. Epstein's specialty. E. G. Marshall, as one of the bums, was overshadowed by his partner. His acting seemed to me defensive—and therefore, as things work out on the stage, a little self-destructive. The part was under-acted—sometimes almost to the point of inaudibility. Long speeches were attacked diffidently with the usual result: that they constantly seemed to be over before they were, and one thought: Heavens, is he starting up again? Yet all this is by no means as disastrous as spelling it out makes it sound. In any part, Mr. Marshall is interesting.

Estragon, the less philosophical bum, the *dummer August* of this particular circus, is played by Bert Lahr. If to Mr. Kerr this fact just means the saving of a highbrow play by a lowbrow actor, it is just as fair to look upon it as the perfect execution by a lowbrow actor of a highbrow writer's intentions. If the perfection of it is bound to hurt the less perfect impersonations by contrast, it has the merit of enabling us to visualize a perfect production of the play as a whole and even, by extension, a perfect play of this type perfectly produced.

We sentimentalize vaudeville now, and over-rate it; go back to the reports of William Archer and Bernard Shaw, and you'll find it was usually atrocious. I shall not insult Mr. Lahr by giving the credit for his work to an institution that did not in fact have very high standards. That he acquired certain habits is all to the good though there are plenty of actors with those habits who would have failed in *Godot*. The triumph here is partly due to his bringing to the script a respect which has not been shared by all the commentators on it. One does see the advantage of his training, for, while Mr. Marshall has to create a clown and constantly work at it, Mr. Lahr did his creating in that line so long ago that he settles and relaxes into a clown personality as others do into a smoking jacket and carpet slippers. He reminds me strongly of Menasha Skulnik in *The Flowering Peach*. On both occasions, literature and popular comedianship met. But it was a matter of marriage, not life-saving. Both actors showed respect for the words they spoke, while the words, gratefully, but with a proper pride, gave something to the actor that made him larger and richer than he had been, perhaps ever, before.

Herbert Berghof directed. I have less reverence for this play than he, and would have lopped off the last bit of the first act. I would also have been tempted to make cuts at several points where the dialogue stumbles. (The rhythm is very firm for longish stretches but will from time to time just go to pieces.) But reverence towards a script is a good fault, and, on Broadway, an unusual, almost exemplary, one.

Though many directors have their characteristic tricks, or their famous and much-publicized manner, very few give to their shows the imprint of an individual human being. This imprint Mr. Berghof—in the quietest way in the world—imparts. In a brief commentary, one has to point to particular touches—such as the delicate way one bum takes the other's thumb out of his mouth while he sleeps, or the soft and stealthy way in which Mr. Lahr would curl up and go to sleep, or the confident way in which one actor or the other would undertake moves which the realistic directors don't use (such as walking in a circle). But Mr. Berghof's personality —gentle, sensitive, youthful, fanciful— is not found only in the "blocking" and stage business; it is far more subtly interfused and, with the co-operation of the actors, gives the evening its special aroma and dignity.

A REMARK—perhaps irrelevant—about the title. "Godot" is the person you are waiting for who, presumably, will set things to rights when he arrives. I assume that Mr. Beckett made up the French word from the English one, God. But, as someone will no doubt inform *The Times Literary Supplement*, there is a once well-known play of Balzac's in which we spend the whole evening waiting for a character called Godeau, who has still not come on stage when his arrival is announced just before the final curtain falls.

ERIC BENTLEY

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A Psychiatrist Comments

Southern Attitudes on Desegregation

Not only is love blind, but fear and hate cannot see any better. Fear—this can be shown in the laboratory—reduces the capacity to discriminate between somewhat similar, but actually different objects or people. The jittery sentry may shoot his colonel for an enemy sniper. But fear may not only destroy judgment, it brings pain which calls for some relief. We seize hold of something which assures us that the trouble is not in ourselves, but elsewhere. In racial prejudice, these two processes work together. For example, if a white man has trouble finding work, his insecurity may make him quickly conclude that "Negroes are pushing white people out of work," when perhaps no Negroes have even applied for the job he wanted. At the same time the belief that unfair competition from Negroes accounts for his failure restores his self-confidence.

A colleague and I had a startling experience of this when we interviewed approximately 50 people in a small Southern community which was entering a transitional phase in the desegregation of schools. When we talked to the citizens of this area, we did not hear very much about the real economic or social problems connected with desegregation, or about such important matters as the perhaps temporary lowering of standards in the schools, or the inevitably increased economic competition from the many educated and trained Negroes who will soon qualify for jobs. I would say that for many white persons these issues provide rational, albeit self-interested, arguments for delaying or even abandoning desegregation. But we didn't hear about these things. Instead we listened for the most part to heated discourse on the danger of mixed marriages, illegitimacy, and "mongrelization" of the race, or to talk about the "basic inferiority of the Negro."

We psychiatrists tend to think of prejudice as a kind of mental disorder. For example, it has been shown that persons prejudiced on one issue show prejudice on many other issues also. When asked to solve a number of simple tasks requiring different methods of solution, prejudiced people much more than unprejudiced people, cannot shift flexibly from one method of problem solving to another. Another test demonstrated that prejudiced people actually lack the ability to discriminate small differences, which I said was a normal accompaniment of fear. The experimenters flashed on a screen a series of drawings of a cat which gradually changed with each drawing until a dog was shown. As this metamorphosis unfolded, the prejudiced persons generally clung to the belief that they were seeing a cat for some time after unprejudiced persons had decided they were seeing a dog. The prejudiced person can't believe his own eyes.

If then prejudice is a kind of mental disorder, how can we reduce it? Fortunately, we have some grounds for optimism. In the first place, whatever diminishes fear and the sense of failure lessens prejudice. These times of prosperity make a scapegoat for failure less necessary and should allow the attachment for Negro and white—which exists all the time underneath the fear and suspicion—to reach expression.

Educational measures can help some. We psychiatrists generally have little confidence in intellectual efforts to counteract strong emotional forces. Still, although prejudices tend to ignore facts, a slow drip of facts can eventually erode even the most granite prejudices.

Of the greatest value in reducing prejudice are personal experiences with the misperceived group. But only certain shared experiences act in this way. I don't think sharing a segregated bus on the way to work is one of them. But often Negro and white work together in some joint endeavor. Then they come to know and respect each other and are astonished afterwards at the imaginary chasm which separated them.

Often one hears it said that you can't legislate prejudice away. Of course you can't, but you can by legislation bri new experiences to people. I belie that psychologically we can think of t Supreme Court's decision on desegre tion in the schools as therapeutic. number of schools have already segregated as a result of this decisi In the past few years, about 150,0 Negro children have entered newly tegrated schools and consequently hal million white children have had th first contacts with Negro children ir school. Adults will have the same k of experiences as parks, transportati and theaters become desegregated. Su experiences prepare the way for further healing of working together.

Does administrative action need await the slow melting of prejudi The Supreme Court thought otherw and psychiatrists and other social sci tists would agree with them. No o believes any more the old notion t "you can't change human nature." W laws, administrative acts and leadersh you can help a person to change public behavior before he has chang his attitudes. But no one likes to f that he isn't doing what he wants to so when behavior changes, attitudes te to fall into line. Otherwise a pers can't think that he is acting consisten with his beliefs. A person may say won't do something, but if it becom expedient for him to do so, he wi Then he will explain why it was reaso able for him to act the way he did, i stead of the way he would.

Polls taken in some communities ha indicated strong opposition to des gregation before the event. Yet wh the schools actually desegregated, t opposition was silent or almost s A person's public opinion on a subj usually expresses what he thinks oth *people expect him to say. He may p* vately favor desegregation, but publi oppose it because he thinks everyone e does. In doing this, he may be infl enced by a myth of what other peop want which may be quite unrelated what they do want. Demagogues crea and sustain such myths often produci an image of solidarity which does exist. My conversations with Southern have convinced me that many who a not heard from much have latent sy pathies with desegregation. It remai for leadership to energize these attitud

IAN STEVENSON, M.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

at. He cares nothing for principle, d has promised things he knew he uldn't possibly deliver. His position segregation does not jibe with his ting record. He denies help from arriman forces, but a Harriman cker, who apparently forgot to check th Estes, admits he gave him $5,000. Nothing can change the contemptible, y baby, approach that has made Kefauver attack some of the best men in s party as "bosses", just to win a mination. If Mr. Elliott believes this ll win votes, then I say educating the ectorate is long overdue! Between the lfing Ike and the sobbing Estes, I will forced to cast a vote for the Greenck party.

BETHIA S. CURRIE

rnwall, Conn.

". . . best chance for victory"

It is about time that liberals stopped inking of Kefauver as Stevenson's arring partner and started considering m their best chance for victory in the all. . . . The Democrats cannot compete ith the GOP on this level of political ummery. They possess neither the oney nor a ready-made public hero. heir only alternative, it would seem to e, is to hit the hustings with the type f campaign that snatched victory for ruman in 1948. Kefauver is certainly ore adept at this sort of grass roots mpaigning than Stevenson. Eager andshaking is more of an asset in a histle stop type campaign than a large ocabulary.

There is no one in public life I adire more than Adlai Stevenson. Yet I el the Democrats have only a narrow hance for victory in the Fall . . . Kefauver represents that narrow chance.

JERRY L. WATKINS

maha, Nebraska

► *Loyalty & the State Department*

IRS:

In his review of Morton Grodzins' *he Loyal and the Disloyal* (*NR*, April 0), Mr. Maurice J. Goldbloom takes rofessor Grodzins to task for having uoted approvingly my "silly statement that 'as a result of loyalty-security vestigations, the Department of State is hardly competent to serve any governmen, totalitarian or otherwise'." This statement of mine is a paraphrase of the gist of a letter to the editor published in the *New York Times* of January 17, 1954 under the signatures of five of the most distinguished older diplomatists of the United States, four of whom have been ambassadors and an equal number Under or Assistant Secretaries of State. If Mr. Goldbloom has any evidence which could discredit these conclusions arrived at by these diplomatists and myself through painstaking investigation, he will perform a public service by making it public. If he has not, his attempt to discredit our conclusions may not be silly, but it is certainly irresponsible.

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

Chicago, Illinois

► *Arms for Israel*

SIRS:

Your editorial in the issue of April 30 advocates an arms embargo and opposes sale of arms to Israel. Permit me to point out that this Sunday School view of the conflict overlooks the major realities of the situation. With the Baghdad Pact countries excluded, Mr. Dulles would undoubtedly agree to an embargo. From the Bulganin-Eden declaration it appears likely that both Russia and England would agree to it. So what do you have? Egypt, armed to the teeth, with a savage hatred of Israel, and with a dictatorship whose inevitable development (*vide* Mussolini and Hitler) is imperial expansion and battle glory. How long will peace be maintained?

You advocate assurances to Israel by the UN. When have assurances stopped an aggressor when the victim is weak and defenseless? The UN speaks with many tongues and sometimes in contradictory fashion. By all means let the UN adopt peace resolutions. But it seems naive to promise Israel military aid through foreign intervention after an attack, when peace would become more certain with a restoration of a qualitative arms balance. But, you say, that is an arms race. So it is. Aren't we engaged in an arms race with the USSR? Don't we arm Iraq and Saudi Arabia and Spain and Formosa, as defensive measures against communist imperialism? Why is an arms race good in one case and not in another?

HAROLD SILVER

Detroit, Michigan

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